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# THE BEE

WASHINGTON

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VOL. XVIII.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31 1899

NO. 27.



SENATOR HANNA,  
He Predicts Republican Victory in Ohio Next Month.



DORSEY F. SEVILLE,  
Author and Masonic Organizer and Agitator.





## BY THE WAY—A QUARTETTE OF DEMONS.

Three Serving Life Sentences  
In the Penitentiary At  
Columbus, Ohio.

### FOUR DESPERATE MEN.

The Prison Warden Proposes to Make  
Them Work in a Novel  
Iron Cage.

#### THEY SAY.

If you want good advice select  
good friends.

The man who is honest, you need  
ear to trust.

Don't forget to be what you  
seem to be.

The Afro-American Council had  
a pow wow last week.

The man who tells everybody that  
the President sends for him and  
the other man who informs every-  
body that he has just seen the Presi-  
dent, who sent for him, tell all they  
know.

Another member of the league  
said he had all the colored soldiers  
appointed in the Army.

Another said the President was  
afraid of him.

The Afro American League is a  
great institution on paper.

The genial Ex-Governor P. B. S.  
Pinchback made a speech and in-  
formed them all that he was the  
boss.

Little Jesse took exception and  
reminded the association that his  
address was indorsed without  
crossing a t or dotting an i.

Col. W. A. Pledger is the coming  
politician of Georgia.

An Editor who inserts his own  
cut in his paper is as bad as the  
man who parts his hair in the mid-  
dle. Dudes part their hair in the  
middle.

The President is receiving ovations  
everywhere he goes.

Never allow an official to turn  
you a fool.

If Dr. Purvis is depending on  
Carson to send him to the next  
convention he will get left.

No matter how long you remain  
away from Washington you are  
bound to drift back.

Be a useful citizen and then you  
will succeed.

Don't be in a hurry to tell all  
you know.

If you don't do the 99th act for a  
person you displease him.

Always do what you promise and  
nothing more is expected of you.

Ohio is not in doubt by any  
means.

There are too many bosses in the  
colored public schools.

A teacher in the High School  
has made a recommendation over  
the head of the principal.

This teacher needs to be taught a  
lesson.

This is nothing considering what  
a teacher does to the colored  
trustees.

H. C. Tyson wants to be a trustee  
badly.

Well, he will never get there,  
Tus Bys thinks.

It will not be long before the  
citizens will have their houses taken  
charge of by non-residents.

Don't be alarmed when you hear  
the wind blow.

It is not always a bad wind that  
blows.

Some winds blow some people  
good, sometimes.

Don't ask too many questions at  
one time.

Office of the Justice of the Peace  
ought to be abolished.

It is not wise to imagine that you  
are greater than other people.

Speak the truth, if you can,  
always.

Don't allow yourself to be carried  
away with new faces.

When you tell all you know, you  
don't leave anything to be said an-  
other time.

Some people put on an air of  
importance, sometimes, without  
anything to back it.

Don't imagine yourself too im-  
portant that you cannot be let  
alone.

Mr. John I. Wright ought to be  
hand in his resignation.

The people are getting tired  
waiting for it.

Worthless Creatures Who Are a Con-  
stant Menace to the State—An Ex-  
periment in Penology Which Will  
Be Closely Watched—Plotting A-  
gainst All Prison Rules.

Whether it is best that desperate  
murderous prisoners should be made to  
work, rather than allowed to sit idle  
day after day in solitary cells, is the  
question Warden Coffin, of the Peni-  
tentiary in Columbus, Ohio, is seeking  
to solve by placing the four most incor-  
rigible prisoners of that institution in a  
new steel "demon cage," especially  
constructed for them.

These four "prison demons" are Ira  
Marlatt, Otis Hurley, John Atkinson  
and Frank O'Neil, all of them murder-  
ers serving life sentences, except Hur-  
ley, who has thrice vainly attempted  
murder within the prison walls, and  
has a twelve years' sentence before  
him. Until a few days ago all of these  
men were kept in solitary confinement,  
their desperate character and danger-  
ous disposition precluding the possi-  
bility of their working in the crowded  
shops.

"The State of Ohio can no longer af-  
ford to employ special guards to watch  
these desperate degenerates in solitary  
cells," said Warden Coffin, "and I pro-  
pose from this on to make them work.  
That is my chief reason for having  
this special cage constructed. It is  
simply a large steel lattice work box  
or cage, built across one end of a cor-  
ridor, into which five small cells open.  
Being about 11 by 21 feet, it will af-  
ford the 'prison demons' ample room  
for stretching themselves and doing  
whatever work I may see fit to give  
them. As soon as they have become ac-  
customed to their new quarters and  
quieted from the excitement of their  
removal I shall put them to sorting  
broom corn, a light work, which they  
can easily perform in their cage."

This assemblage of the most desper-  
ate characters of the institution, where  
they will have abundant opportunity to  
plan together plots against the guards,  
and perhaps the lives of each other, is  
an experiment in penology which will  
be closely watched by prison reform-  
ists everywhere. Marlatt and Hurley  
have on numerous occasions attempted  
the lives of guards with curious weap-  
ons, which they have manufactured  
out of the wire from their cell walls;  
a case knife or any piece of iron which  
might fall into their hands in the hun-  
dreds of mysterious ways that baffle  
the authorities.

Only a few weeks ago Hurley dan-  
gerously stabbed a guard, whom he  
induced to enter his cell on the pretext  
that he would give him a package of  
saws taken from another prisoner con-  
templating escape. When the guard  
entered the cell Hurley thrust the steel  
wire stiletto into the guard's abdomen.  
The weapon was taken from him, but  
a similar one has been found concealed  
in his shoe since his transfer to the  
new cage.

It is the cunningness of all four of  
the "demons" to secrete material for



weapons and to manufacture needle-  
pointed stilletos and daggers almost  
under the watchful eyes of the guards  
that raises the question whether it will  
not be possible for them to some time  
make an organized attack upon their  
keepers, or, perchance, quarreling  
among themselves to engage in a com-  
bat for the survival of the fittest.  
When the latter possibility was sug-  
gested to Warden Coffin he smiled and  
said:

"That would settle the problem, then.  
They are worthless creatures and a  
constant trouble to the State."  
Marlatt was received at the prison  
October 31, 1901, on a life sentence  
for second degree murder, committed  
in Mahoning county. He disputed with  
a miller over a mortgage, lost control  
of the murder he attempted the lives of  
several persons he did not like. He  
is now thirty-seven years old. When  
received at the prison he was placed at  
work on the stone pile, but did not  
take kindly to his duties and rebelled.  
When Guard Scott attempted to punish  
him Marlatt showed his demoniacal  
character by rushing on the guard like  
a fury. His ravings were so frightful  
that he has since that time been con-  
fined and has done practically nothing  
since.

Of the four "demons" John Atkin-  
son and Frank O'Neil have served long  
terms than the others. They were  
originally from Cuyahoga county, At-  
kinson being imprisoned in 1883 to  
grand larceny and picking pockets, and  
O'Neil, alias James O'Neil, in 1889, on  
the same charge. Both are professional  
"cut-throats" and ill-revered of the most des-

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you buy from reliable man-  
ufacturers that have gained a  
reputation by honest and square  
dealing, you will then get a  
Sewing Machine that is noted  
the world over for its dura-  
bility. You want the one that  
is easiest to manage and is



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can equal in mechanical con-  
struction, durability of working  
parts, smoothness of finish, beauty  
in appearance, or has as many  
improvements as the

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Compound of Pure Cod-Liver Oil and Phosphorus of  
Lime, Soda and Iron. It is the fruit of long experi-  
ence and experiment, and in its present form has been  
recommended as the best preparation known to re-  
store vitality and vigor to flesh, nerve, blood and  
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J. WITHER, Chemist, Boston, who will send an illus-  
trated circular free on application.

### HIS BLACK RECORD

A Fearsome Criminal Whose Skill and  
Daring Were Boundless.

Within the walls of the Philadelphia  
Hospital the curtain is slowly falling  
on the life drama of a man who for  
more than half a century has figured  
in the police annals of the country as  
a criminal whose skill and daring  
knew no bounds. At sixty-two, bent,  
bowed and crippled, "Jimmy" Logue,  
who in the heyday of his career count-  
ed his money by the thousands and  
drove his coach and pair like a gentle-  
man, has come back to his native city  
to die. His ill-gotten wealth has taken  
wings, and only the kindness of Phil-  
adelphia's Mayor has saved him from  
ending his days in the Almshouse.  
It is, there is but a shade's difference  
between the hospital and the Almshouse.  
Both are under one roof, but  
as an inmate of the hospital Logue is  
able to escape the stigma of the city  
pauper.

When the old man first came back to  
his former haunts, about two weeks  
ago, penniless and sick, he threw him-  
self on the mercy of his former enemies—  
the police—who sent him to the  
Almshouse. His pride rebelled, and  
the first day he was able to get out he  
trottered downtown and into the Mayor's  
office. Mayor Ashbridge, who  
knew him in other days, was moved by  
his pitiful plea, and he ordered that  
the old man should be given a cot and  
medical treatment. Bobbing his thanks  
"Jimmy" Logue went back to the insti-  
tution, which he will probably never  
leave alive.

Logue's life story is a wild romance  
of crime, and one who sees the old  
man to-day will hardly believe the  
things the police records tell about  
him. His personal character has been  
as odd as his career. Down in his breast  
he had the instincts of a pious man,  
who never forgot the lessons he had  
learned at the knees of a Christian  
mother. True, he did not heed them,  
but the maternal teachings lived in his  
memory. To-day he speaks reverently  
of his mother as a God-fearing woman,  
and to-day this crime-stained veteran  
never closes his eyes in sleep without  
a fervent prayer to the Almighty. It  
has been his life's custom, and the de-  
tectives used to say of him that "Jim-  
my" Logue would never set about to  
crack a safe without first asking Provi-  
dence to guide him in his work. Logue  
himself, speaking of his devotions,  
says epigrammatically:

"When I am awake I can look after  
myself; when I am asleep I need God's  
protection."

Logue, too, has been a good husband  
and father—a good husband to three  
successive wives; a father to a son  
who is to-day a respected, hard-work-  
ing, law-abiding citizen. Of his sixty-



#### JIMMY LOGUE.

Two years thirty-four have been spent  
behind prison bars in various parts of  
the country. His criminal career must  
have begun early, for at the age of ten  
he was sent as an incorrigible to the  
House of Refuge.

Much of the romance of Logue's life  
lies about his marriage to his third  
wife, Johanna Gans, with whose murder  
he was once charged. Logue had  
previously been married twice, his last  
wife being a sister of Johanna. The  
third wedding was one of the most ro-  
mantic in local history.

Logue had just been sentenced to  
seven years' hard labor for one of his  
many misdeeds when he asked permis-  
sion to be wedded before he went to  
jail. Johanna Logue, his sister-in-law,  
was in court, and the law soon made  
her and the convict man and wife.  
She was a faithful wife and waited pa-  
tiently until her new husband stepped  
from the doors of Cherry Hill in 1878.

#### Fought For a Young Woman.

George Russman and Roy Lewis,  
two employees in a lumber camp near  
Middletown, Md., have long been de-  
spiteful rivals for the affections of a  
pretty young woman who lives near  
the camp. She was unable to choose  
between them, and finally told them  
they could fight it out, she agreeing to  
become the wife of the victor. The  
combatants, after going through the  
formalities of selecting a referee and  
time-keeper, went at each other. In  
the third and last round Russman  
came up much refreshed and made a  
dive for Lewis. The latter, finding his  
strength failing, he called on the sec-  
onds to take Russman away and he  
would give up.

Hence the referee was obliged to de-  
clare Lewis knocked out and to award  
the championship and the young lady  
to Russman.

#### How She Disposed of Her Legacy.

Some time ago a woman died at Den-  
ver, near Ghent, leaving the whole of  
her property to her niece, Rosalie V.  
The latter was constantly  
worried by the other members of the  
family, who had been excluded from  
the inheritance.

Recently the young woman received  
the amount of the legacy, consisting of  
twenty-five 1,000-franc notes (\$5,000)  
and the deed of a house. In the after-  
noon the disappointed relatives again  
visited her, and worried her to such an  
extent, that, losing all control over her-  
self, she picked up the deed and the  
whole of the bank notes and threw  
them into the fire.

In a few moments nothing remained  
of the little fortune but a few ashes.

In Norway the average length of life  
is greater than in any other country  
on the globe.

### AN ESCAPE FROM BONDAGE

This Man Says He Was Trick-  
ed Into An Insane  
Asylum.

### WILD RACE FOR LIBERTY.

Through Tennessee Swamps, Cut By  
Barbed Wire Fences, In a  
Strange Country.

Story Told By a Man Who Says He  
Was Put Out of the Way For His  
Little Fortune—His Escape From  
Louisville—The Utmost Limit of  
Endurance.

Moses D. Morris tells a thrilling tale  
of his escape from the Great Western  
Insane Asylum, in Bolivar, Tenn., in  
which he was incarcerated for several  
weeks, although, he declares, he was  
perfectly sane. He was tricked into  
the asylum, he says, and the object of  
those who had him placed there was  
his little fortune of \$35,000.

Mr. Morris's favorite among the in-  
fortunate inmates with whom he was  
locked up was "Mike" McDermott, who  
had been educated for the priesthood,  
and who was at times entirely rational.  
The two talked over plans to escape  
from the asylum, and finally conspired  
with another patient, Dr. B., who had  
become insane through drink.

"To-night," said the Doctor to these  
one day, "there is a ball in the North  
Hall. You will flee over from here,  
and on the way will traverse a long  
corridor. At the left of it and  
midway there is a winding stair down  
to the ground floor. At the end of the  
lower corridor is a door. For an hour  
every evening it is unlocked, but I  
must pass the watchman's door. If he  
sees you all is lost. If you reach the  
door you may succeed. Try it and  
God save you."

Mr. Morris and "Mike" decided to  
adopt the Doctor's suggestion. When  
night came Mr. Morris put on his even-  
ing dress suit, even to patent leather  
shoes, in order not to excite suspicion,  
though it was storming hard and he  
knew he ought to have heavier cloth-  
ing if he planned to escape.

"When the warden marched us over  
to the hall," said Mr. Morris, "I was  
walking as in a dream. Down the long,  
dimly lighted corridor we snaked like  
a company of ghosts. I looked  
ahead with blurred eyes. There was  
the spiral stairway—my heaven of es-  
cape. I slunk behind the unfortun-  
ate in front of me, trying to make myself  
smaller. I reached the head of the  
stairway, saw a guard around, and  
then down it I dashed like a madman  
in reality—down, down, down, reach-  
ing the ground floor with my head in  
a whirl.

"I looked forward. A flood of light  
poured through the opening of the  
watchman's door. How could I ever  
get by it? My blood froze with the  
thought of capture. I tiptoed  
along, then made a sudden dash  
through the blaze of light like a spee-  
re. I reached the door unseen. My  
brain was on fire. I seized the great  
latch and threw my strength into the  
last stroke for liberty and home. Thank  
God, the door yielded. That gust of  
wind-swept rain enveloped me like a  
thousand angels sent for my deliver-  
ance. Into the darkness I plunged, not  
knowing, not caring, possessed only  
with the conviction that I was free,  
free, free!

"On and on I raced. I was hundreds  
of miles from home, in a strange coun-  
try. The December rain pelted me in  
torrents, the mud was almost to my  
knees. I did not know a single road,  
but plunged on and on, with the hope  
of finding some sort of a path—any-  
where on earth, so long as it was out  
of sight of that accursed place. I  
dared not look back, still breathlessly  
I paused, and, from a distant hill, I  
saw the bleak turrets illuminated by  
the lightning's flash, and then they  
faded from my sight forever.

"I felt that in tearing through the  
barbed wire fence in my flight I had  
torn one of my fingers almost from  
my hand. It bled profusely, but, blind-  
ing it up as best I could, I set my face  
from the scene of my miseries, escap-  
ing the darkness for one evidence of  
the habitat of civilized man. Knowing  
that they would soon be after me, I  
dared not lapse into a walk, but kept  
up a fierce gallop, over ridges, through  
creeks, surmounting every obstacle  
the mud of the Tennessee valleys offered  
to my knees, falling into ponds whose  
thin ice cut me as I plunged."

Finally when almost totally ex-  
hausted, Mr. Morris heard dogs barking  
in the distance, and, following up the  
sound, came to a little cabin. The  
negro who owned it took him in and  
cared for him for two days. He was  
fourteen miles from the asylum and  
hundred miles from home.

"Afterward I effected my watch fare  
to Nashville, but the young man  
of the house said, 'The lightning ex-  
posed stops for water just a half mile  
down here about a mile. Conceal  
yourself nearby and board the bill-  
baggage car. You are safe till you get  
to Louisville.' I thanked him, and  
these good people adieu with tears of  
gratitude, and, with the help of my  
friend, an hour later boarded the bil-  
baggage car of the midnight express.  
God bless you all! I screamed out as  
I sped away through the darkness  
toward home and my dear people, pe-  
tied with cinders, stifled and strangled  
with smoke, but with my heart beat-  
ing fast with triumph. I arrived at  
Louisville at daybreak to face my en-  
emies, who saw the miracle of my es-  
cape from the prison asylum with con-  
sternation and terror. How I ever sur-  
vived it I do not know, but here I am  
safe, sane and sound, proving that  
where there is a will to break from any  
just bondage, with right on your side  
there is no limit to human endurance."

They gently chide the poet in that he  
always took the gloomy view of things.  
"Do you ever write on an empty  
stomach?" he asked.  
The poet glared up at them with  
glassy eyes.  
"Often there is no stationary in the  
house," he moaned, for he had now be-  
come delirious.—Detroit Journal.







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SPECIAL NOTICE.

There are regular Authorized Collectors in the employ of THE BEE Publishing Co., and when they call to see delinquent subscribers they are requested to pay them, and not give the excuse that "they will see the Editor." The Editor has no time to see the subscribers, and it is expected that his friends and the patrons of THE BEE will pay the Collector when he calls.

THE BOERS AND THE ENGLISH.

The contest now going on between the Boers and the English is one which is to determine between generosity, universal brotherhood, and enlightened government on the one hand and selfishness, race prejudice, repressive ecclesiasticism and autocracy on the other. And in the interest of humanity there is but one side with which to sympathize. The American instinct favors all that tends to dignify manhood, cement mutual relations among all races and plant the banner of universal freedom and enlightenment on every soil. It was in the defense of that instinct that Spain was made to sever her relations with her American possessions and which will be emphasized in the early acknowledgment of American authority in the Philippines. As a consequence, the American people will hope for the ultimate success of the combatant whose principles most approach their own. The policy of England has been that of expansion in its broadest sense. It has braved the plagues of India and the scourges of Africa to spread the light of intelligence and open new fields to struggling millions. It has introduced the arts of advanced civilization and enlightened Christianity wherever its standard has been raised and the name of England possesses a talismanic power against which few may complain but none contend. England stands to-day for all that human intellect and ambition contend for. The cause of England, therefore, is the cause of advanced humanity. The Boers have conducted a government altogether selfish and non-progressive. They have amassed wealth for no other reason than that they are misers who love money but will not permit it to be circulated even in their own interest. They have formed a government the essential tenets of which are productive of but little less than mediocrity, self-adulation and Chinese exclusiveness. They represent the discarded ideas of the Dutch and none of those which at present characterize that progressive people. On the subject of race and the brotherhood of man, the Boers are intolerant, tyrannical and uncompromising. To the native African they are extremely harsh, not allowing them to trade in their marts or have their habitation among them. He is not permitted to procure a license to do any kind of business and must walk in the middle of the street along with mules and oxen. In a word, the people who are now asking the civilized world to sympathize with them, and, if need be, assist them, are those whose policy has been repressive, exclusive, ungenerous, and tyrannical. It is not difficult to predict the outcome of the contest. The Chinese government was exclusive and hemmed in by gigantic granite walls. The hand of destiny has caused the walls to crumble and the government to suit its policy to the demands of advanced civilization. Rome and Carthage, the cradles of race prejudice and self-adulation, were made to give way before the spirit of universal brotherhood. It is not to be expected that the Boers will be any exception.

many other exclusive governments which infest the world, its doom is sealed. England will conquer because her policy favors the development of all that expresses mutual commerce, mutual help, the destruction of race distinction and hatreds and the welding together the various peoples of the earth. The Boers must fail because their government is founded upon the idea that the earth was made that they alone might live and prosper, without regard for the lives and prosperity of others whose claims are in every sense equal to their own.

WHAT YOUNG SOUTHERNERS NEED.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]  
Whenever a new cotton mill or factory for other purposes is established in the South one of its first needs is a young man from Massachusetts or Pennsylvania to superintend it.

We have young men of our own who should be available for this work, but owing to our faulty ideas on education, while they are prepared to be doctors or lawyers, they are not prepared to be handlers of coal or iron. Thus we see them standing about without employment or clamoring for commissions in the Army, while the fat berths with comfortable salaries at home are almost all taken up by strangers.

The need of our country, then, is education—technical education. We do not need men who can expound Blackstone, but men who can swing hammers and press electric buttons. If we do not make our facilities for technical education broad enough and thorough enough, we must expect to see the Massachusetts man sitting in the superintendent's office, while our sons pass around the water pail.

The above clipping constitutes about as sound and unequivocal a rebuke as we have yet seen from the pen of a Southern editor. Hitherto it has been the false boast of the pride blown son of the South that he is the equal of his Northern brother in all that goes to make up a refined as well as useful citizen, yet he has grown up in comparative idleness, exploiting his superiority over the colored people, on whom he depended for his daily bread, and the means whereby he obtained his knowledge of the professions, while his Northern brother has been progressing at a phenomenal rate along all lines which are calculated to dignify the nation and emphasize the utility of American civilization. But when those who are opening their eyes to the folly of acquiring proficiency merely in Greek roots and worn out and discarded philosophy see that the boastful young Southerner is losing material substance as a result of his false notions of education and respectability, while the progressive, refined and skillful laborer of the North is reaping the profits, at the very homes and in spite of the very presence of those who are to the manner born, there comes this warning from the Constitution. The Constitution has doubtless found it a great effort to sound the warning. It must have been a heroic effort when we come to consider the great majority to whom the warning applies. And what stultification it must have involved! The ideal Southern blood, whose historic boast has ever been that he was not made to work but to boss and require others to provide his daily bread, is now told that his education has not been of the proper sort and that he must get down to hard-pan, bed-rock and learn some hard common sense and labor like men or lose opportunities and be content to be regarded on a par with worthless Negroes and lazy vagabonds, while their birthright as well as their bread must be gone forever.

At last the tocsin has been sounded and there may be reason for the colored people to hope for an early acknowledgment of their right to a practical education at least, especially if the Constitution will continue its missionary work among the masses of Southern whites, and thereby open their eyes to the importance of universal education along practical lines. The most signal feature of the whole matter is the commendable awakening on the part of the Constitution that unless the whites work they will have nothing to do but to "pass around the water pail."

Has Commissioner Wight the nerve to appoint a colored sergeant?

FOOLS NEVER CHANGE.

[From the Afro-American Citizen.]

Editor Chase takes occasion in this week's issue of THE BEE to score Messrs. Lyons and Cheatham for the part they played in presenting the address of the Afro-American Council to the President. We wonder did THE BEE remember the ecumenism passed on those gentlemen in a recent issue? Why will some men blow so hot at times and so cold at other times? But since he has the hives, let him BEE.

It is an aphorism new and ancient, wise men change, but fools never. If a man does well one time and makes an ass of himself at another time, is there any reason to presume that THE BEE must say because he made an ass of himself that he acted as a philosopher? Don't understand THE BEE to mean that Messrs. Lyons and Cheatham made asses of themselves, but THE BEE means to be understood to say that the petition presented to the President by the direction of this self-constituted association. The BEE is always willing and ready to compliment these gentlemen and give them credit for the good they do and criticize whatever wrong they do or any one else. Because the good acts of a person are applauded, certainly there is no reason to condone their wrong doings.

"Wise men change sometimes, but fools never." THE BEE still avers that Messrs. Lyons and Cheatham could employ their time in a more profitable manner than by continually going to the White House presenting petitions emanating from a self-constituted association which is all head and no tail, an association that was conceived in corruption and born in bastardy. These gentlemen ought to have more sense. They ought to know better. If this Afro-American Council would purchase a farm and its members take a plow and go to work it would do the masses of the Negro some good. The BEE is friendly disposed towards the representatives of the Negro, and because it is, there is no reason to believe that it must endorse their mistakes and unwise doings.

One of the most important and vexatious questions with which the public will have to deal in connection with the out-pit of our Normal School is, How can schools be provided for those who wish to become teachers? This is a question, the solution of which will determine the success of our school system and especially that of our Normal School. Of course no pupil now in the Normal School would be impelled merely by a sordid and foolish notion of becoming a teacher in our city schools. The pupils cannot fail to appreciate the fact that their chances in that direction are very meagre and it is to be presumed that the real and controlling motive and desire is to teach—each somewhere—anywhere if need be, out of a love for the profession and a virtuous appreciation of the needs of the race as they relate to well taught schools. Hence the great majority of our Normal students will seek employment in localities outside of this city. This must be the case, if they do not wish to live in idleness and bring disgrace upon the noble profession they have chosen.

In order to secure the desired schools, certain helps are necessary. The average graduate, however excellent a student he may be, must have some person or organization to commend him to various communities where schools are taught. As a consequence, there should be some sort of organization among the teachers of the Normal and High Schools looking toward the securing of schools for those who may desire them, and thus relieve the congestion which would otherwise cripple the educational interests of this city. Let some of our enterprising teachers and public spirited and race-loving citizens form a society or organization, enter into correspondence with county and State superintendents of education, and direct attention to our well-equipped Normal graduates and ask that they be given schools. This is not only the duty of the teachers and citizens, but it will insure to the general elevation of

throughout the country and thereby advance the educational interests of the race. Such an organization as is here suggested will be easy of accomplishment, require but little time and expense, and redound to the credit of our educational system and our teachers, and be of incalculable benefit to our young graduates and to our race at large.

If an employment bureau is a good thing for those occupying the more menial avenues, how much more so would be a bureau for the employment of competent teachers to lead the children of our race out of the slough of ignorance into the sunlight of intelligence and the grooves of prosperity.

ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME.

THE BEE predicted some time ago that it would only be a question of time before the Afro-American Council would be turned over to the Democratic party, as will be seen by the interview of the man who calls himself a Bishop of the A. M. E. Church and president of this alleged Council, that he has gone teeth and toenails into the Democratic party. Will the few Negroes connected with the Council do as he is advised? What has Pledge, Lyons, Cheatham, Pinchback, and White, who were almost assaulted by the Southern Democrats, to say as to the advice of Mr. Waters? Has not Congressman White felt the sting, rebuke, and assaults of the Southern Democrats? Is there a finer type of manhood to be found than Mr. White? The BEE asks the question of Mr. White, can the Negro afford to join the Democratic party which has done nothing for the Negro in the South but to murder him and impede his civilization?

VOTE FOR DEMOCRATS?

Mr. Alexander Waters, who is said to be a Bishop, in an interview in the Daily Post of October 10th, and reproduced in THE BEE, advises the Negroes to vote the Democratic ticket. He is the figurative president of the Afro-American Council, to which a number of distinguished office-seekers belong. The BEE has said all along that the Afro-American Council was a Democratic machine under the color of being non-political. It can be readily seen what the president of the organization is doing against the best interests of the Negro. There are others.

Mr. G. F. T. Cook, Superintendent of Public Schools, took one step in the line of progress when he stated to the Commissioners the unavailability of turning the school children into the streets on the day of the Odd Fellows parade.

Why don't Commissioner Wight appoint a few colored fireman?

Eighty thousand colored people in the District of Columbia and only two colored clerks employed.

There are supposed to be two Republican Commissioners in charge of District affairs. The Democratic Commissioner is the only friend the Negro has.

No one can doubt Commissioner Ross' friendship for the Negro. His record as City Postmaster is sufficient.

Every once in awhile colored editors organize. Not even can colored editors continue an organization.

Democrats expect to carry Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio.

The President has received one continuous ovation.

The more the Democrats abuse some Negroes the better they like them.

It is the opinion of THE BEE that it would be better for the Republican party to allow all Negroes who desire to join the Demo-

The Republican party has always protected the Negro and still he is dissatisfied.

Every one-horse parade that takes place in this city wants the schools to be closed. There is a great deal of vanity even in men who like to be admired by children when they are marching.

The Health Department of the District ought to give itself a rest on the drugist business. It is costing the government more to try these alleged violations of the medical laws than the harm that has been done.

VOTE WITH DEMOCRATS.

BISHOP WATERS' ADVICE TO THE NEGROES OF THE SOUTH.

RACE'S BEST INTEREST INVOLVED.

President of the Afro-American Council Believes His People Have About Paid the Debt They Owed the Republican Party for Their Freedom and Are Indebted to Democrats of the South for the Material Progress They Have Made.

[From the Daily Post.]

Bishop Alexander Waters, D. D., of New Jersey, who has just paid a visit to Washington, is president of the National Afro-American Council, and has naturally given much earnest thought to a solution of the Negro problem. He is a conservative leader of his race, and his views command respect. In a talk with a representative of THE Post he said:

"It is the consensus of opinion among the leaders of the race, who are not Federal office-holders, that the time has come when the Negro should divide his vote. I am of the opinion that it is one of the ways to solve the Negro problem, especially in the South. The Negro is here to stay, and sooner or later will be given his constitutional rights. He is demonstrating every day that he is capable of assimilating the highest civilization of America. As the Negro advances in intelligence, wealth and culture, the doors that are now closed against him will be opened. The spirit of liberty is too strong in this country to keep the Negro forever out of his rights, when he is thoroughly prepared to receive them. The best white people of the South are awaking to this fact, hence a few of them want him sent out of the country. The large majority of them are against this plan, for they know that it is impracticable.

"Since we are to remain here, we must make friends of our enemies. I believe we can greatly aid our cause by allying ourselves politically with the best and most influential whites of the South, the ruling classes. I am told that I ought not to advocate this policy, because it was the Democratic party that had enacted all the discriminating laws against us; that they have ever been our oppressors, and that they are the ones who oppress us to-day.

Helped by Southerners.  
"While that is, in a measure, true, it is well to consider the facts. The large majority of the employers of Negroes in the South are Democrats, hence the bulk of our wealth has come and is now coming out of Democrats' pockets. They have rendered us more help in the South along material lines than any other party. The Democrats have enabled us to perpetuate our public schools; they have loaned us money to buy and improve our farms, and they have helped us to build our churches.

"One of the causes of the hostility of the Southern man toward us is that while he has helped us, we have voted solidly against him and his interests. We are hardly to be blamed for this, when you take in consideration that it was the Republican party that freed us and gave us our enfranchisement. For this great boon we felt grateful and we have been trying ever since to repay that party for the interest in our welfare. We now feel that the debt is about paid.

"Again, the Republican party to-day is not the Republican party of days of yore—the party, in fact, of liberty and fair play to all. It has changed its principles and politics. It is filled with what used to be Democrats, and I cannot see any difference in voting for a Democrat in the Republican party and one in the Democratic party. There is very little difference to-day between the two parties. It is simply the difference of the out and ins. We held as many Federal offices under a Democratic administration as we do to-day under a Republican administration. Wise to Follow President's example.

"If a Republican President thinks it wise and fitting to especially cater to the sentiments of the Southern people, it is wiser and more fitting for the Negro who has suffered so much in that land because of his loyalty to the Republican party to make friends with the Southern whites.

"My advice to the Negroes is to make friends with the ruling classes of the South by voting the Democratic ticket, especially where they are invited to do so. We are doing it in the North.

"I am told that the whites of the South don't want the Negro's vote. This may be true. It is their only way into National power. It was the votes of the Negroes that elected Mr. Cleveland in 1892, and if a Democratic President is elected in 1900, it will be by the help of the Negroes.

"The Democratic party has the agency, a hand which will aid them politically, that the Republican party had in 1868, and which has enabled them to remain in power until now. Will the Democratic party accept this agency?

"The South makes a great political mistake when it drives the Negroes by persecution to the North, East and West. If they would treat them kindly and leave the South would

ening it in doubtful States. They have heretofore strengthened the Republican party.

"We are surely at the parting of the ways. There is great restlessness on the part of Afro-American Republicans. The large majority of them in New York State will vote the Democratic ticket at the next convention.

AFRO-AMERICANS.

NOTES PREPARED BY REV. R. S. LAWS, D. D., OF THIS CITY.

[From the Youngstown Sunday Vindicator, Sunday, October 15.]

"The White Man's Burden." View it as you may, his unevanescent answer of conscience will admit that no other analysis will answer the description of his burden than that of his crime against the Afro-American in the United States, and his obligation to reform us, whom he deformed. To write otherwise, he may because he can; but to admit the truth he must, because higher civilization through a fearless standard of Christianity will compel an answer that knows no negative.

"The Black Man's Burden." It embraces more than the mere privilege of finding fault with the white race, and the general neglect of his duties to family, church, and state; it embraces his respect for society, for law and order; and a general knowledge and regard for the rights of all men and patriotic love of country.

The black man's burden further imposes responsibilities which must be studied, learned, and practiced, such as a firm stand against anarchism and treason; but a firmer one still against that part of the white man's burden which fatigues him most to deprive us of that constitutional life, liberty, and such pursuit of happiness as is provided in the Declaration of American Independence.

Following still further the black man's burden, you will find that his manhood teaches him that the prayers of the churches and friends, the sacrifice of the hundreds of thousands of lives of the people of the North, who gave up their sons and daughters, husbands and thousands of other friends, and the billions of dollars by the Government to emancipate him, imposes upon him the duty of good citizenship, upright and honest—neighbors without a right to dissipate.

Calls upon each newcomer into a village, town, city, county or State, to be just in their dealings and upright in deportment, such as will win the confidence and respect of the community. Such as the city of Youngstown; the black man must behave himself, respect and care for his family, pay his rent and grocery bills, and purchase a home as soon as he can. His burden imposes upon him obedience to the laws of nature for cleanliness, which is next to godliness, as well as to the laws of city and State. Such is the doctrinal burden of the Lot Carey Convention of fourteen States and the District of Columbia, and such is the practice of the Allegheny Association of the forty-two churches, as well as the representatives of the Afro-American race of over 10,000,000 Afro-American citizens.

The great A. M. E. Church, of the African Methodist Episcopal influence, for nearly six decades since the days of Bishop Allen, and the hundreds of great saints departed, and then take them, now with Arnet, Derrick, Clintons, Hood, Petty, and many others, and then take the great Afro-American Baptist Church of America, with her 2,000,000 of membership, and such leaders as E. K. Love, D. D., of Georgia; H. Johnson, D. D., of D. C.; A. Bings, D. D., of Virginia; W. B. Johnson, D. D., of the District of Columbia; and C. E. Morris, D. D., of Arkansas; C. S. Brown, D. D., of North Carolina; W. H. Phillips, D. D., of Pennsylvania; W. T. Dixon, of New York; Richard De Baptisi, D. D., of Kentucky, and other great lights, and then ask this question: "Can the white man escape a burden, with the judgment of such holy men upon him, for his sins against this race?"

Now, in order to rid himself of what truly is the white man's burden, let him enter a plea of guilt for crimes against us, by an unevanescent answer of his conscience.

Yes, it is true, that we have Douglas, Bruce, and Langston gone; but D. A. Staker, Brooker T. Washington, T. Thomas Fortune, W. Calvin Chase, H. P. Cheatham, George H. White, Colonel James Lewis, Colonel P. H. Carson here, and thousands of others, to see to it that the voice of the Afro-American Church of 3,000,000 is heard, and await their answers for the descriptive character of "the white man's burden," and they will tell him to be released from his burden, he must reform the Afro-American race which he deformed. Let Robert Nouse, of Washington, D. C., listen to editors like Chase, of Washington, D. C.; Michael, of Virginia; Fortune, of New York, and the hundreds of other able editors and statesmen, and they will tell him that there are but few persons who live without a heart, and that the Negro is the American heart, and a part of her life blood.

THE BEE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW?

Why some people think they know it all.

Why office holders are the hardest subscribers to get money from.

The greatest man in the United States.

Why some Editors copy society notes from another paper one week after they appear in another paper.

How many members has the local Afro-American Council.

The greatest writer in the world.

The matter with the colored schools.

Why some men are so anxious to be on the School Board.

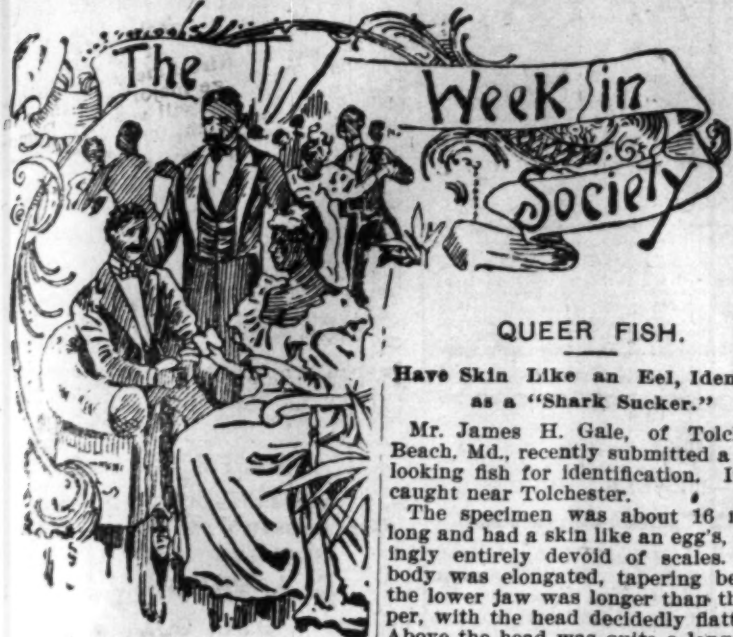
Why John B. Wight doesn't resign.

What the President will do when he returns to the city.

If colored voters will make fools of themselves on election day.

If Booker T. Washington is not an





## QUEER FISH.

Have Skin Like an Eel, Identified as a "Shark Sucker."

Mr. James H. Gale, of Tolchester Beach, Md., recently submitted a queer looking fish for identification. It was caught near Tolchester.

The specimen was about 16 inches long and had a skin like an eel's, seemingly entirely devoid of scales. The body was elongated, tapering behind; the lower jaw was longer than the upper, with the head decidedly flattened. Above the head was quite a long, oval disk, presenting from the middle of both sides oblique transverse cartilaginous plates, arranged like the slats of a Venetian blind.

On the middle of the under surface were spine-like projections connected by short bands with the skull and vertebrae, partly suctorial and partly prehensile by the hooks, these fish attach themselves to rocks, ships and the bodies of other fishes, especially to sharks. They are thus when fastened to ships or fishes transported where food is abundant, and often from the tropics to temperate regions. They do not feed on the fish to which they attach themselves, but on small fish and floating animals.

Mr. George M. Bowers, United States Fish Commissioner, says of the specimen, which was forwarded to him:

"It is the species commonly known as 'shark sucker,' 'sucking fish,' and 'remora' (Echeneis naucrates). It ranges from Cape Cod southward to the tropics, and is not uncommon on our coast and in the Chesapeake Bay. The peculiar structure on the upper side of the head, suggesting the sole of a rubber shoe, is a modification of the dorsal fin, by means of which the sucker attaches itself to sharks or other large fishes, apparently causing them the inconvenience, and feeding on the remnants of the shark's meals. There are a number of other species found on our coast, but this is by far the commonest and best known."—Baltimore Sun.

## "Guinea Nigger" Fortune Teller.

She was a small, stout, very black darky, one of the kind that are called "Guinea niggers" down in southern Georgia, and she was charged with being a fortune teller. A striped kerchief was woven into a crown above her sable brow, and when she laughed a low, chuckling laugh she showed rows of great white teeth, which matched the white of her eyes when she squinted them at the witnesses who swore against her. That was Georgia Freeman as she stood up in the police court. Three damsels, with many a blush and simper, told how the woman had told their fortunes for 25 cents. A negro girl stated that she had had Georgia to tell her fortune for 10 cents. All the while Georgia kept up her chuckle and showed the white of her teeth and eyes. Finally she exclaimed: "Fer de lawd's sake, let dis ole nigger hab er chance ter say er few words. Judge. Ise gwine ter permit dat I did run de cyards fed dese folks, but dey mostly make me done it. Yes see, I hab de power ob de second sight, and kin see heop more some udder folks; and when dey comes ter me and axas me ter run de cyards, I ayes 'em nuff money ter pay fer de trouble."

"Georgia," said Alderman Mitchell, who was wearing the emine of the Recorder, "can you tell what's going to happen?"

"Sure kin, Judge," replied the old woman. "Yer jest try me and see whedder I kin or no."

"Then tell me how much I am going to fine you."

"Yer is gwine ter make hit mouty light, fer yer has re good judgment wid de right kind ob a heart."

The Alderman blushed and let the old woman go on payment of court costs—only 75 cents.—Atlanta Constitution.

**The Cockatoo's Nut-Cracker Bill.**

There is a wonderful cockatoo in one of the islands of the Indian Ocean, near New Guinea. It is as large as a full-grown pheasant, and it is of a jet black color. The bird is remarkable for its immensely strong bill and the clever manner in which it is used. The bill is as hard as steel, and the upper part has a deep notch.

Now, the favorite food of the cockatoo is the canary nut; but there is a wonderful ingenuity required to get at the nut, but it is ten times as hard. In fact, it requires the blow of a heavy hammer to crack it. It is quite smooth and somewhat triangular in shape. Nature appears to have given the possessor of the wonderful bill some intelligence to direct its powers, for the cockatoo takes one of the nuts edgewise in its bill, and by a curving motion of its sharp lower beak makes a small notch on it. This done, the bird takes hold of the nut with its claws, and, biting off a piece of leaf, retains it in the deep notch of the upper part of the bill. Then the nut is seized between the upper and lower parts of the bill, and the cockatoo proceeds to slip the peculiar texture of the leaf. A sharp nip or two breaks off a tiny piece of the shell of the nut. The bird then seizes the nut in its claws and pokes the long, sharp point of its bill into the hole and picks out the kernel bit by bit.—Savannah News.

## Forgot to Weigh His Hand.

The advance in the price of meat probably works more hardships than the public is aware of among those who have little to live on. Here is an incident which occurred in a butcher shop on Hickory street recently. A small negro girl entered the shop and asked the butcher for five cents worth of "dog" meat. She added:

"Mamma said to ask you to please give me better meat than what you did yesterday, because the other dog meat made papa sick."

## KISSEE'S YOUNG BRIDE.

She Prefers Happiness in a Hut to Misery in a Palace.

SHE IS 15 AND HE IS 65.

Woes of a Lonely Old Man and How He Wooed a Child and Lost Her.

He Tells His Story and She Tells Hers—A Music Box Would Not Satisfy Her—The Recent Sensation of a Famous Missouri County.

Capt. Alexander C. Kisse, "King of Taney County, Mo.," has given in his own words the story of how he, at the age of sixty-five, married Rosa Dora Garrett, a mere strip of a girl half a century his junior, and after a honeymoon of two weeks she fled from Kisse Hall to return to the dolls and toys and picture-books she had left at the humble home of her parents.

Gen. Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, married his Dora and lost her.

Capt. Kisse married his Dora and lost her.

The child wife tells of a younger love—Charley McVey, a farmer boy of nineteen years—who plowed among the rocks and hills of Taney County in summer and feeds live stock in winter and does other farm chores, for which he receives \$15 a month and his board.

Rosa Garrett is now living at the home of her father, Alvin Garrett, seven miles from Kisse Hall, in Taney County. Mr. Garrett is a plain farmer.

Here is Capt. Kisse's story: "I am the father of twenty-three children, but all of them except nine are dead, and most of the survivors are married and moved away. So since the death of my second wife last November I have been lonely here in this big house."

"I decided a short while that I would marry again. I concluded that I didn't want any hen, but a pullet of fryin' size. I had heard Rosa Garrett spoken of as a rather smart and pretty girl, and as she is of fryin' size I determined to get acquainted with her. There was a big fish fry down on Beaver Creek, and the whole neighborhood for miles and miles was there. I knew the Garretts would be at the fry, so I went to get an introduction to Rosa. She smiled as I shook hands with her, and after we had talked a few minutes and I started to walk away she said: 'Capt. Kisse, we would like mighty well to have you come and see us some time.'"

"That set me to thinking that the girl had a favorable opinion of me, so a day or two after the fish fry I drove over to the Garrett place. We conversed for some time, and then she said: 'I want to marry, but I was in a hurry and saw no need of fooling away time with a long preliminary courtship. I told Mrs. Garrett that I wanted a fryin' size pullet, so to speak—fryin' size is just my way of saying that no old maid or widows need apply to me—and that I reckoned her Rosa would be just the thing for me.'"



(Capt. A. C. Kisse and his child wife.)

do about as well as any in the country. I told Rosa that I had come to marry her, and that she might wear dresses befitting the mistress of Kisse Hall. She seemed to think it was all so sudden, but I reminded her that some of the best trades I had ever made in my life were made in a hurry. She said: 'Ask me and pa.' I asked Mrs. Garrett if she cared if Rosa married me. Mrs. Garrett said: 'Go to the barn and ask pa.' She calls Mr. Garrett pa, and I asked him. He said: 'Yep.' I went back to the house and told Rosa to put on her shoes and hat and go with me to Forsyth, the county seat, to get the license. An hour later we were at Forsyth getting married.

"I brought Rosa here to Kisse Hall and installed her as mistress. We had a fish fry, a barbecue and a dance in celebration of the marriage. We invited the people for miles around. I was proud of Rosa and wanted people to see her. I bought her china dishes and a silk dress and a music box."

"I used every possible effort to make her happy, and I showed her through the big house and told her she was the ruler of it all. But in spite of everything I could not get her to look up and cry half a dozen times a day. She would throw herself down on the floor in some of the way rooms and cry as if her heart would break. Finally I asked her what was the matter. She told me that she didn't love me, and that she was sorry she had married. I tried to tell her that I loved her, and devoted my whole time trying to please her. That just made matters worse. And then she left me, as you know."

And here is Rosa Garrett's story: "I would rather live in a dirt-floor log cabin with the man I love than to be the mistress of Kisse Hall. I would rather wear calico bought by the man I love than to dress myself in silks bought by a rich man I do not love. I left Capt. Kisse because I do not love him and never can. There is another boy, a poor boy—and he may always be poor—but I love him, and when I get ready to marry again he may have me if he wants me."

"Yes, his name is Charley McVey. I know him, so I had just

"You ask how I happened to marry Uncle Alex? Well, that is easy to answer. He came here and took me so by surprise that I lacked the presence of mind to say no. We have always had been up to him here as the richest and the biggest man in Taney County, and his word is usually accepted as law. I agreed to marry him without really knowing what I was doing. I regretted it almost a moment after we had started to get the license, but I was too timid then to go back on my agreement."

"Charley McVey came to see me at the home of a relative soon after I was married to Uncle Alex. As Charley took hold of my hand I could not help but cry. Tears were also in his eyes. 'Why did you do it?' he asked. Then my heart seemed to be breaking. My head was in a whirl, I was dizzy. We were standing in the yard by the well. I clutched at the well-curb for support. Charley looked on in silence. It was the first time I had seen him since I had been installed as the mistress of Kisse Hall, as they called it. Just then my married sister came out of the house and told me to go in. She said it didn't look well for a married woman to be keeping company that way with young men. Charley went away."

"I hope I shall never see Kisse Hall again. I have had enough of it. I am young yet and am in no hurry about it."

## FASCINATING CAIRO.

The Most Picturesque and Interesting of Oriental Cities.

Frederic Courtland Peabody, former United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General in Egypt, describes in the Century Magazine the picturesque features of the African metropolis, with illustrations by Paul Philippoteaux.

From its founding in 969 by the Fatimite califs, as an offshoot of the tented settlement of Fostat, to the present rule of Abbas Pasha, seventh khedive, or viceroys, of the dynasty of Mehemet Ali, Cairo—capital of Egypt, metropolis of the African continent, and chief seat of Mohammedan teaching—has had a romantic history. Scenes of great exploits of great personage, from Saladin to Napoleon, of sanguinary conflicts between Christians and Islamism, and the memorable massacre of the Mamelukes; cradle of religion and cults; home of the "Arabian Nights" tales; the place where lasting principles of philosophy and science were conceived, and where Bible scenes were laid. Cairo has become the meeting ground of winter idlers from every clime.

Cairo looks old, but comparatively is not; Alexandria has the appearance of newness, but was twelve hundred years old before the first stone of the present capital was laid. But the Cairo of today is only the development of Fostat. Old Cairo, New Babylon and Heliopolis, probably. There has always been a great city there or thereabouts, changing in appellation with its locale.

The visit to Egypt has become almost as essential to Americans—and fully half of the eight hundred winter visitors are from the States—as the pilgrimage of good Mohammedans to Mecca. The Mohammedans' religion takes them but once to the sacred city of the prophet, but pleasure draws those favored by fortune to the Nile capital time after time. Cairo is more than interesting; it is fascinating. The antiquarian, the student and the savant have always been at home there; and the invalid, real or imaginary, seeking a climate, finds in and about the khedival city the superlative air and temperature.

Artists never weary of reproducing Cairo's picturesque scenes and vivid colorings. The blue of the skies, the splendor of the setting sun, the Turneresque afterglow, and the delicate brown of the desert, seem to be best suggested in water colors. Like Venice, Egypt demands a master hand in oils.

The traveler of impressionable nature yields to the fascination of Cairo's quaint Eastern life as perfect as if met far beyond the Orient's threshold and doubly satisfying because found within a half-hour of the creature comforts of hotels conspicuously modern. To walk the streets of an Oriental capital wherein history has been made, and delve by day in museums and mosques perpetuating a mysterious past, the dhimmi de rigneur in the evening, with the best music in Europe at hand, explains a charm that Cairo has for mortals liking to witness Eastern life providing they are not compelled to become a part of it. If Egypt disappoints, the indolent idler can in four or five days be back at Paris or the Riviera.

## PRISONER RELEASED.

Because it is No Crime in Texas To Counterfeit Nickels.

Governor Sayers has just pardoned out of the penitentiary a man named Draughtcup, who was sent up three years ago to serve a ten-year sentence for counterfeiting. His release from prison is on peculiar grounds. He was sent up under the State law for counterfeiting. The money he counterfeited and passed was nickels. His release was secured on the ground that under the Texas law there could be no counterfeiting of money save of gold and silver. The counterfeiting of nickels was, therefore, argued not to be punishable under the law of Texas, which is very explicit in its definition of what counterfeiting is. The legal presentation of the case was to the effect that inasmuch as he was then serving a term of imprisonment for a crime that was no crime under the Texas laws.

His pardon was secured upon the petition of all the Court officers who tried him, and who expressed the opinion that he was not guilty under the Texas laws. As he had only passed a small amount of money, and had already served several years, that also had a tendency to make the officials more lenient toward him. His case, however, presents that peculiar reading of the Texas law on counterfeiting which has hitherto been overlooked until presented in this case by some clear-minded lawyer—Austin, Tex., Cor. St. Louis Republican.

First Tramp (in the road)—Why don't you go in? The dog's all right. Don't you see him wagging his tail?

Second Tramp—Yes, and he's growling at the same time. I dunno which to follow.

## H. K. FULTON

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First-class Accommodations

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## ANACOSTIA NOTES.

After quite a siege of illness, Mrs. Daniel Ray is convalescing.

Mr. William Smoot has returned to the village after quite a stay in New York, etc.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Thomas was buried Tuesday.

Mrs. Blanche Burrell is still ill of typhoid fever.

News has been received here that Mr. Ben Frazier has suffered a heavy loss of money, personal belongings, etc., in Philadelphia.

## MONSIEUR X.

Young Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Young Cornelius Vanderbilt's punishment for defying his father by marrying Grace Wilson is to be cut off with the portion of a younger son. The will of Cornelius Vanderbilt, just dead, makes his son, Alfred, although junior in years, the senior in riches and the successor to the power which the Vanderbilt millions wield. According to information given by a person who should know the facts, this is the ultimate division of \$100,000,000, scheduled in the last pocket memorandum, by which the late Cornelius Vanderbilt always knew how much he owned.

To Cornelius V., Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, Reginald and Gladys V., his children, \$10,000,000 each.

There are large special bequests to relatives, to Yale, Columbia and Vanderbilt Universities, to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and to various charities. The remainder of the estate, in part subject to a life interest held by his widow, is left to Alfred and Gertrude Vanderbilt, his second surviving son. All bequests to the five children are to be held in trust until after the majority of the youngest, and thereafter disposal of any share is subject to the consent of the other heirs.



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lot No. 1132 3rd st. n. w. and  
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all modern improvements, my  
friends and the public are hereby  
notified, that I have moved from  
my old place of business 441 I.  
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modious structure, 1132 3rd St.  
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Where I can accommodate fifty  
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A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABLETS in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale  
at some drug stores—your drug store. This low priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical.  
One dozen of the five-cent cartons (20 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents  
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Repairing Called for and Delivered.

## Won His Case.

"That reminds me," said a Chicago  
man in a reminiscent group the other  
night, "of an old story that is good  
enough to repeat. Some years ago  
three bookmakers put up at a Chicago  
hotel and handed a large package of  
money to the chief clerk. They told  
him that they would leave it with  
him every night, and were particular  
in saying that it was to be delivered  
only in the presence of all three. It  
was evident, you see, that they didn't  
quite trust one another. Well, a week  
or so rolled around, and one morning  
one of the trio came down rather early  
and called for the cash. Without think-  
ing of the conditions of delivery the  
clerk handed it over and the book-  
maker promptly skipped. His two part-  
ners were furious and brought suit  
against the hotel for \$25,000, the  
amount in the bundle. A smart young  
lawyer volunteered to take the de-  
fense, which other attorneys regarded  
as hopeless. When the trial came off  
he waited until the bookmakers had  
submitted all their evidence, and then  
arose with a large bundle in his hand.  
"We stand ready," he said, "to fulfill  
the letter of agreement you have just  
proved. This package contains \$25,-  
000 in cash. As soon as the three own-  
ers apply for it together we are pre-  
pared to turn it over." Of course the  
third man couldn't be produced, and  
the case immediately collapsed. The  
parcel really contained an old pair of  
pants."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Extreme Measures.

A remarkable event has occurred at  
Tsing-kiangpu. A man by the name of  
King had a son who made his father  
and mother "lose face" because of the  
wild, rakish life he led. He gambled,  
loafed, smoked opium, etc. If he stole  
his father would be taken to the yam-  
en, and the whole family would suf-  
fer for the son's villainy, and the vital  
question was, how could the family be  
protected? At last they arrived at the  
conclusion that the only way to pro-  
tect the father and mother was to take  
extreme measures with the son, which  
they did with a vengeance. The father  
and uncle took him out among the  
graves, followed by a crowd of curious  
neighbors and friends, and putting a  
rope around his neck, each relation  
pulled on an end, and the son was put  
beyond ruining the family in this  
world.—North China Herald.

## The Little Brother.

"Mr. Sixweek," inquired his little  
brother—he was entertaining the  
young man on the front steps of a  
Capitol Hill house while she was "get-  
ting ready" upstairs—"why don't you  
get two of them?"

"Two what, son?" inquired Six-  
week.

"Why, two skates," replied the de-  
lightful little boy. "Sis says she seen  
you on F street yesterday afternoon  
with one large skate on, and I've been  
wonderin' why you didn't buy a  
pair. I ask Sis, and she said you must  
be up against it. What are you up  
against, Mr. Sixweek?"

Sixweek's reply was too evasive and  
inartistic for reproduction.—Wash-  
ington Post.

## HE COULD BLOW.

**Veteran Bugler Beat the Lung-Test.**

While the proprietor of a lung tester  
was expatiating upon the benefits to be  
derived from the free use of his instru-  
ment, a cadaverous individual stepped  
out of the crowd and remarked to him:  
"Mister, do you think it would do  
me good to blow into that?"

"Yes, sir, certainly; it would ex-  
pand your chest, give elasticity to your  
lungs, and lengthen your life. Why,  
you'd soon be able to blow 500 pounds  
and win a prize."

"Why, does a fellow get a prize when  
he blows that many pounds?"

"Yes, sir, \$5. Wouldn't you like to  
make a trial?" with a knowing wink to  
the crowd.

"I don't care if I do," said Greens,  
coming closer and throwing down a  
coin. Then, taking the mouthpiece in  
his hand, he made ready. He opened  
his mouth until the hole in his face  
looked like a dry dock for ocean steam-  
ers, and began to take in wind. The  
inflation was like that of a big balloon,  
but not so disastrous. The fellow's  
chest began to grow and distend until  
he resembled a pouter pigeon more  
than a man.

At length he put the mouthpiece to  
his lips and blew with such force that  
his eyes came out and stood on his  
cheek bones to see what was the mat-  
ter, but that indicator's top went up  
like a flash, and his needle spun round  
and stood still at 500 pounds. The  
crowd cheered, and the keeper of the  
thing paid over \$5 with a mutter of as-  
tonishment. But Greens pocketed the  
money coolly, and, turning to the spec-  
tators, said:

"Look here, gents, that ain't nothing  
to do at all for a man who has been a  
bugler in a brass band for seven years  
like me."—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

## Bought His Own Note.

The following story of David Hanan,  
of Homer, N. Y., who is said to have  
been the original of the much-discussed  
book, "David Harum," is told to the  
New York Sun by a Syracuse man, who  
knew Hanan very intimately.

"One day about twenty-five years  
ago," he said, "there was a raffle for a  
horse in Syracuse. There were about  
fifty tickets, and I was induced to buy  
one, which cost \$5. I had a friend who  
was considered very lucky in throwing  
dice, I had him throw my number; he  
threw 44. I won the horse. I had the  
horse about a week, and found her  
quite valuable, when my friend, David  
Hanan, came in and said: 'Riley, I  
see you won that Hunter mare. I've  
got a lot of horses and don't know I  
really need 'nother, but your'n kind of a  
likely boss, an' I've taken quite a fancy  
to her. What'll ye take for her?'

"I said, 'David, it's a pretty good  
mare, but I guess about \$200 will buy  
her.'"

## Largest Mass of Salt.

The largest mass of pure rock salt in  
the world lies under the Province of  
Galicia, Hungary. It is known to be  
550 miles long, 20 broad, and 250 feet  
in thickness.

The fisherman saw the snake of prey  
make its descent, and set up a howl  
that brought the rest of the party in  
a hurry. This all scared the moccasin,  
and he started out into the river with  
the fish in his mouth. The whole  
string followed him, and there they  
remained, and this fisherman came  
home without a bite in sight except  
that indicated by a mosquito.—Gal-  
icia.

SPARTA  
POOL ROOM

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Samuel T. ...



**FREE!** Solid gold plate set with a  
Parisian diamond. Send  
name and address and ten  
cents to cover postage, and we will  
send you ring and our 128 page  
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PIANO TUNERS.

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west, is where you will find the  
best goods. Take your boys  
there and say The Bax sent you. Mr.  
George is an affable and just man to  
the people.

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IMPROVED TRUSS.**

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ture that it is impossible for it to be-  
come displaced.

It permits the utmost freedom of mo-  
tion with perfect safety.

All uncomfortable and injurious steel  
spring pressure is avoided.

The pad is held in place by woven  
bands, which retain an equal pres-  
sure in all positions of the body.

It can be worn in bed, a great desir-  
eratum to the young as tending to a  
perfect cure.

It is the only suitable truss for chil-  
dren and females.

The proper amount of pressure can be  
brought to bear and maintained in  
any position without pinching or  
pressure to the wearer.

It cures hernia if placed on the pa-  
tient sufficiently early.

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adjustment that the patient in a  
short time forgets he is wearing it.  
(See the certificate of Mr. Daniel  
Johnson.)

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receipt of price; \$3 for single and \$4  
for double truss.

In ordering, give location of hernia,  
right or left, and measurement.  
Satisfaction given—money refunded  
when the truss is returned in good  
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**BALTIMORE, MD.**

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BEST WHISKY**

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Try our IMPERIAL WHISKY  
WHISKY and see you don't think  
it's the BEST WHISKY that has  
ever been sold for \$1 a full quart bot-  
tle. Dozens of folks have said so.  
All kinds of Koss minies.

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BEST GROCERIES AT LOWEST PRICES.

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Go to the Workmen's Store for  
a choice line of GROCERIES,  
and all kinds of Fresh and Salt  
MEATS, at the lowest market  
price. Give me a call and I  
will treat you right.

**J. N. Kiem, Pro.**  
1900 L St. Northwest.

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This is the Standard Military Encyclopedia of the  
world and the only work of its kind in the English  
language. It has the endorsement of the War  
Department and the leading military commanders  
of America and Europe. It is issued in three large  
volumes of about 1000 pages each, printed  
on fine paper, from new electrotype plates, and  
finely illustrated and handsomely bound. It is a  
complete library of military information both for  
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Almost as palatable as cream. It can be taken with  
pleasure by delicate persons and children, who, after  
using it, find the following its use are its best re-  
commendations. Be sure, as you value your health and  
get the genuine. Manufactured only by Dr. J. C. WILBOR,  
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I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and I urgently request young ladies to read this column and any questions that they wish answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

By Miss May Clematis.

Wife:—It is unfortunate for you that the fumes of your husband's tobacco cannot be tolerated. If there is any one place and one time above all others when and where a man enjoys his cigar, it is in his home after dinner.

Kate:—No man with the best interests of his wife at heart, will do anything to displease her.

B. C. It is not customary for girls of sixteen to have men visitors.

Inez:—I would not advise your giving the gentlemen your picture, as your acquaintance is only a business one.

E. V. I do not think it wise for a girl who is engaged to go to a place of amusement with her prospectus antagonist.

Mazie:—I do not approve of ladies becoming too intimate with the intended's family. Bad results are oftentimes the outcome. Should you call, let him always escort you there and to your home again.

In addressing a letter to a gentleman even if you are used to calling him by his Christian name, it is unwise to address as "My dear Mr. —"

Fordetta:—I do not think a man has any right to open his wife's mail, but I do not think a woman should receive a letter, which she would not be willing to allow her husband to see.

Queen:—It is quite proper to take a young man's arm after dark. Be not alarmed, you have done nothing to give yourself any concern.

L. C. Each one has a right to dress as she pleases. Dressing is an art, which is greatly in need of cultivating by our girls.

Blanche:—If you feel that you can not love the young man, I would suggest that you return his ring at once, and break the engagement. You surely would not consent to marry a man you cannot love, merely to keep your word.

Annie:—Your change in the schools, was indeed a surprise to the household. Everyone thought that you were about to go another direction, which is far distant to the public schools.

Lily:—'Tis much better to marry while you are young; for when a woman ceases to be young her opinions are apt to be pronounced and she does not easily yield to her husband, nor is she apt to renounce her own will for the sake of making life harmonious. I am decidedly opposed to a bachelor and an old maid marriage, as the above rule applies also to bachelors.

May:—It is not out of place to leave an "at home" without bidding the hostess good bye, especially if the place is crowded.

Georgia:—Those whom you see most often are not always your best friends. Although I have not seen you for some time, you are uppermost in my mind.

Don't think that everybody is in love with you, simply because you are Miss A, B or C.

Beware of the talkative and guessing girl. She cannot be trusted.

People who know the most are generally quiet and unassuming.

Helen:—Be true to your mother, as she is your best and dearest friend. There is no love to equal that of a mother, although it may appear differently sometimes.

W. Yes, it is well to have an opinion of your own or a determined mind, but one should not be so reckless as not to take the advice of his friends sometimes.

No lady will be guilty of meeting men on street corners or in dark places.

S. H. The person who appears to be sedate to ask for a drink of water or to talk loud enough to be heard is the one to be watched.

Carrie:—Do your duty, angels can do no more.

Guilty is the one who is always suspecting.

Lena:—You are being watched. Jealousy is the cause. Be careful of your every act.

Belle:—Time alone will bring all things to pass. Don't believe all you hear. Be patient and judge your friends, who are few, by their acts. Those who smile and visit you the most are not your friends.

Elsie:—Trashy novels and story papers should be ignored by school girls or any one who wants to broaden his mind.

Fashion:—Short as well as the three quarter coats are in vogue for fall and winter wear. Blue is still the prevailing color.

Some people are too narrow for their own good. A word of encouragement is a great help sometimes.

Never stare at a person upon the public streets.

Inquirer:—The mourning assumed by a daughter for a parent is much lighter than that worn by a widow.

A gentleman wears deep mourning for a wife or parent for not less than a year. During that time his business suit should be of rough black cloth and his frock coat of the same.

Girls should not flirt if they wish to be admired.

No young man respects a flirt.

A flirt is regarded to be deceitful.

Loud dressing is an indication of what you are.

No young girl will recognize a salutation from a male she doesn't know if she respects herself.

It is impolite to gaze in one's face on a public street especially the face of a male.

Don't speak ill of your female companions because others do.

Judge for yourself always.

The more a sensible person learns the more he finds there is to be known.

## HOTELS



IN THE BEE

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Metal base, with artistic and very rich large figure—for a column; nicely moulded oil font; the latest burner ratchet screw movement, for turning wick up and down, thus always insuring a brilliant light, clear as a crystal and equal to 200-candles. It stands 28 inches high and is all ready to put oil into and light.

The 16 inch shade has an 8 inch rich lace flounce and combines to make it a rich, handsome, serviceable home ornament.

Send 5 cash yearly subscribers for this handsome banquet lamp.



No. 1. THE HANDSOMEST LAMP-CLOCK MADE.

Gold-plated metal base; gold-plated lock ring; gold-plated open cast head removable oil font; the latest ratchet screw burner; large, handsome, hand-decorated globe; first-class chimney. Clock made and warranted by one of the largest factories in the U. S. All ready to put oil in and light.

This handsome lamp-clock is worth 20 dollars. A fine Christmas or birthday present. The BEE will give one of these clocks to any person who may send 5 cash yearly subscribers.



No. 15. REALLY A BEAUTIFUL CHAIN AND A NICE PRESENT.

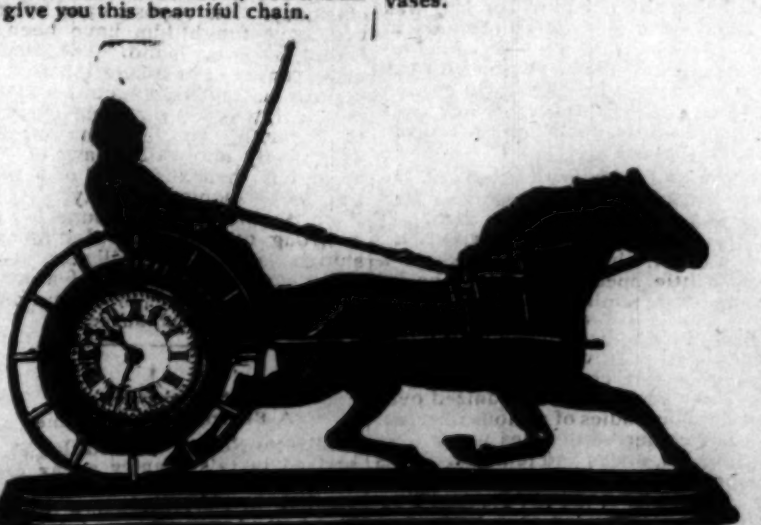
Charm, sardonix intaglio. Right up to date. Trace link. Perfectly formed in every way. All well gold-plated, and has the exact appearance of a solid gold chain. It is double length and will give the wearer splendid satisfaction.

For one cash yearly subscriber, or too six months subscribers, THE BEE will give you this beautiful chain.

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Height 10 inches. Send us 4 cash yearly subscriber and receive a pair of these excellent vases.



No. 213. OUR GREAT NANCY HANKS BRONZE CLOCK

This clock is made by one of the Largest Clock Factories in the Country. Guaranteed for three years. The height is 6 inches; length 10 1/2 inches. It is beautifully polished, will not tarnish, and is really one of the most beautiful as well as useful ornaments that could be required for a premium.

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W. H. Thomas, barber shop, 230 H  
st. n. w.  
SOUTH WEST.  
J. T. Newnan, 301 3d street, s. w.

## THE EDITOR'S DREAM.

COMMISSIONER WIGHT'S RESIGNATION ONLY IN THE AIR—GREAT CONSTERNATION AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

While sleeping one night last week, the editor had a dream. He saw the resignation of Mr. John B. Wight, as he thought, floating through the air. It had a string to it. At the end of the string he thought he saw many dozen small strings, and at the end of these small strings he saw the hands of Saunders, Douglass, Wine, Chapin Brown, and many others. The editor saw Mr. Wight look with amazement at the many hands holding the different strings, and he said to himself whether he should cut the string in two that held his resignation or whether he should keep those who held the string and the people in suspense. There was great consternation among those below who saw the floating resignation. The people were amazed and frightened when they saw at a distance a bonded company. There was something lacking about this company. The Commissioner looked at the hands below and at the bonded company. He said to himself, the editor thought, "Shall I cut the string and catch that bonded company which has not fully grown, or what must I do?" said he to himself. It was a question with him whether he should give up a certainty and fly to that which he knew not or remain the people's boss against their will. Ah! the editor thought he heard him say, "It is better to remain in an objectionable position against the will of the people than to fly to one that hasn't materialized." The people, the editor thought, became excited and knew not what to do. "Oh!" said one of the string-holders, "wait until the Moses returns from his political trip and then we shall see what we shall see."

## COLORED ODD FELLOWS DAY.

FIFTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE ORDER IN THE DISTRICT CELEBRATED.

The fifty-third anniversary of the founding of the order of colored Odd Fellows of the District of Columbia was appropriately celebrated Wednesday. Ceremonies were held at the central hall of the order on M street, between 16th and 17th streets, beginning at 1 o'clock, and all local lodges and councils were well represented. At 2 o'clock the organizations formed at the hall for the annual parade, which was composed of local members and a number of visitors from Maryland and Virginia. The Odd fellows in line wore dark clothes with sashes, insignia and other paraphernalia of the order. James W. Muse acted as chief marshal and J. O. Holmes was his chief of staff. The aids were David A. Clark, James Langhorne and A. White. The route of the procession was as follows: Leaving the point of formation the parade moved down M street to Connecticut avenue, to P street, to 28th street, to M street, to Pennsylvania avenue, to 1st street, to New Jersey avenue, to Rhode Island avenue and thence to the Vermont Avenue Baptist Church, where exercises were held later in the afternoon. Among the speakers were Thomas H. Wright, B. J. Askins, Joseph N. Lawson, J. C. Norwood and A. H. Stephens. A reception was given in Odd Fellows Hall on M street at night.

## HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Dr. Packwood, Mr. Robinson, both of Bermuda, and Dr. Albert Johnson of Metropolitan A. M. E. Church attended devotional exercises at the High School Tuesday, 10th inst. Prayer was fervently offered by Dr. Johnson. Dr. Packwood and Mr. Robinson declined to address the school, saying that they were in the U. S. to make observations, not to speak. Prof. Terrell, principal, next conducted the distinguished trio to the Physical Laboratory. Here Prof. Weatherless showed them through his department. They were highly pleased with what they saw and passed favorable comments on the neat and clean appearance of everything and the splendid arrangement.

It would be difficult to find finer specimens of physical manhood than the above gentlemen.

Under a special call by Mr. Storum, a few of the teachers in the High School building met in one of the rooms at 2:45 p. m. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Storum, who stated that the object of the call was to elect some one of the teachers in the 9th, 10th and 11th divisions to serve on the Board of Trustees for the Pupils Scholarship Fund. On motion by Mrs. A. J. Cooper, which was seconded by Mr. Jackson, Mr. Storum was chosen.

The Minor Literary Society of the High School met in the assembly hall at 2:30 p. m. Wednesday, 11th. A splendid programme was carried out. Mr. Morton, the president, made a happy little speech, in which he invited all new pupils to join the society.

Bro. Seville has the reputation of being the most widely known freemason in this country. During the last three years he has organized over 100 Masonic Bodies of various degrees. He has conferred degrees upon over 800 persons, males and females. He is the present Grand Master of F. A. A. Y. Masons, of the D. C., also Special Dist. Deputy for Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia. He is P. G. H. P. and Grand Lecturer of the Royal Arch Dept. P. G. Comdr. and Grand Inspector Genl. of the K. T. Department. Present Sov. Comdr. of A. A. S. R. Mystic Shrine. Royal and Select Masters and Royal College also Grand Patron of the female branches of the order.

The junior class of the Normal School is highly elated over the fact that the number of studies has been reduced from seven to four per day. This pleasing change is largely due to the thoroughness of the principal, Miss L. E. Moten.

Miss Bertha Howard is very agreeably located at Slater School.

The report made by Miss Lettie Lee at the recent grand rally held at the Metropolitan M. E. Church proves conclusively that when a woman wills to do she will meet with little short of success. The sum of \$150 reported bespeaks the fact that Miss Lee is an earnest worker.

THE BEE next week will contain a full description of the extensive improvements made by Mr. J. O. Holmes in his hotel, 333 Virginia ave., s. w.

Last Sunday evening the Grand Council, Knights of Pythias, was addressed by Archdeacon Pollard of North Carolina, Grand Chancellor of the order, at St. Luke's P. E. Church. The music was an especial feature. Mr. C. Sumner Wormley, the well known baritone, was the soloist. Mr. Winston Payne, a favorite tenor of this city, will be the soloist at the service to-morrow evening.

Mrs. Fanny Hill is very sick.

The funeral of little John Anderson, aged fifteen, took place from the home of his parents in Le Droit Park last Sunday at 2 p. m.

Mrs. Lulu Pitts is ill at her home in the northwest.

L. B. Anderson, Esq., formerly of this city, but now of Chicago, Ill., and Mr. Charles Anderson of New York city have been suddenly called to this city on account of the death of their father, Mr. Moses Anderson of Le Droit Park.

Misses Howard and Wylie have been appointed teachers in the public schools.

## DEATH OF MOSES ANDERSON.

Mr. Moses Anderson, an old and respected employee of the Printing and Engraving Bureau, died at his residence, 225 Oak street, Le Droit Park, last Sunday, October 15, 1899, at 3:50 a. m. Mr. Anderson had been confined to his room for a year, having suffered with a third paralytic stroke. The funeral took place from the Shiloh Baptist Church last Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, of which church he was a member. He was a devout Christian, and died in full triumph of faith. He leaves a wife and ten children, among whom are Mrs. Carrie E. Lewis, Lewis B. Charles and Waverly Anderson, as well as a host of friends, to mourn their loss. Mr. Anderson was born in Petersburg, Va., and was one of the most wealthy and prosperous men in the State of Virginia, and came to this city to accept a position in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving as engineer, which place he held for a number of years, until a white man succeeded him. However, he was appointed as messenger and accepted, which place he held until a year ago, when ill-health befell him. He was a kind and devoted husband and father and the grief of his patient wife, who nursed him only as a true woman can do through all his sickness, is heartrending. However, it is hoped that she will find consolation in the following verse:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on his gentle breast;  
There by His love o'er shadowed  
Sweetly his soul rests."

The remains were tenderly borne in a handsome black casket to the Woodlawn Cemetery. The floral tributes were beautiful and many.

Rev. J. A. Taylor read the Scripture lesson and spoke in glowing terms of Mr. Anderson, as did also Rev. Freeman. Rev. W. H. Brooks offered a beautiful prayer.

## DORSEY F. SEVILLE.

ONE OF THE BEST INFORMED MASONS IN THE COUNTRY—HAS ORGANIZED OVER ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MASONIC BODIES—HIS FIGHT AGAINST RING RULE AND FRAUD.

Dorsey F. Seville, author and writer, is one of the best known writers and authority on Masonic works in the United States. Since his connection with Masonic bodies he has organized over one hundred and fifty Masonic bodies in the United States. He is yet a young man, who has lived in this city for a number of years, and as an organizer his equal cannot be found. I am true he has disconnected himself with one of the strongest Masonic bodies in this city and associated himself with what is known as the conspiracy. Mr. Seville's reason for withdrawing from this local body was on account of the manner in which these organizations were conducted. He has been in many Masonic fights with his brethren who have resorted to every subterfuge and meanness to have him dismissed from the Department in which he was employed and the position in which he has demonstrated his efficiency. His opponents and enemies who have fought him have been defeated on every hand. The Department came to the conclusion that the opposition and fight against him were personal, which it would have nothing to do with. His Masonic brethren didn't only show their lack of judgment, but their disregard of Masonic love and Masonic fraternity.

Mr. Seville is to-day connected with a strong organization. Its membership is large and intelligent. Every effort has been made to defeat him by the combined forces of the old organization, but all without success.

## A Stowaway's Romance.

Olivette Nelson, a Swedish girl, who arrived in this country a day or two ago as a "stowaway" on an ocean steamer to meet her fiancé, was married in the barge office to that fortunate individual. He is called Andrew Gutormansen, and he is a longshoreman employed in South Brooklyn. He paid his sweetheart's fine of \$10 for coming into the country in illegal fashion, and the Captain of the vessel congratulated her on the happy termination of her adventure.

## LEGAL NOTICE.

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The 11th day of October, 1899.

Thomas Walker, Plaintiff, vs. Elvira Walker, Defendant.

On motion of the plaintiff, by Mr. E. M. Hewlett his solicitor, it is ordered that the defendant, Elvira Walker, cause her appearance to be entered herein on or before the first rule-day occurring forty days after this day: otherwise the case will be proceeded with as in case of default. The object of this suit is for a divorce from the bond of marriage on the grounds of adultery and desertion. This order is to be published in the Washington Law Reporter and The Washington BEE, once a week for three successive weeks.

By the Court,  
J. R. Young Clerk, & c.  
By L. C. Williams  
Asst. Clerk.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

## WANTED.

Wishing to permanently introduce the most reliable and curative Family Herb Medicines, I desire the services of a respectable lady or gentleman, or a man and wife, to act as canvassers in the District. Must come well recommended, and be good talkers and able to inspire confidence. As but one or two at the highest price will be employed, and as the profits will be 100 per cent, from five to ten dollars can readily be made per day, and much more when fully introduced; for, whenever these medicines are used, there will be a constantly increasing demand. Inquire at this office.

## A GOOD OPPORTUNITY.

A Class in Millinery is being formed. Those who wish to join should see Miss Laura F. Dyson as soon as possible, as a limited number only will be accepted. Apply at 101 7th street, s. e., after 5 o'clock p. m.

## MERCY TO SUFFERERS.

Views of a Prominent Physician Upon Relief From Agony.

Dr. Nehemiah Nickerson, of Meriden, Conn., one of the most distinguished physicians in New England, ex-President of the Meriden Medical Society and ex-Superintendent of the Meriden Hospital, commenting upon the right a person has to end his life when he wishes, and the view that a physician is justified in hastening the death of a patient afflicted with an incurable disease, has dictated his views on the subject as follows:

My position has not been changed by the criticisms of the clergy and some brother physicians. I still think, and always shall, that if a patient is suffering from an incurable disease, and



(Dr. Nehemiah Nickerson.)

he wants relief from his misery, that a physician is doing a deed of mercy if he helps him to end his life.

That is a proposition that I am prepared to defend. I have equally strong convictions on another proposition, which has brought upon me a storm of disapproval. That is, that if a man has no obligations to hold him to this world he has a right to leave it whenever he wishes. I claim that a man has a right to commit suicide without being called a fool or insane.

A physician should never yield to a patient's pleading for death unless he knows that the disease is incurable. My critics raise the question of the infallibility of a physician's judgment. There are some cases in which the physician cannot make a mistake. For instance, he cannot be deceived by the intolerable agonies of the final stages of external cancer.

He knows the hopeless last stages of phthisis. He knows when the death throes of heart disease are approaching. In other cases, when there is the slightest doubt, he should call in a consulting physician.

I have relieved the suffering of a good many cases in the course of my 35 years' practice. I shall not say a dozen, nor more, nor less, and thus bring down a further rain of criticism.

A patient who was near the end with consumption sent for me. She begged that I would not let her suffer the last terrible pangs of the disease. Her husband begged the same favor as pitifully as she. I saw that she could not live for more than a day or two. I administered chloroform. I kept her under the influence from 1 o'clock at night until the end. She died at 4 the next morning—died peacefully and without pain, and her husband thanked me when it was all over.

I have always used chloroform in such cases. It dulls the sensitive nerves and the spinal cord and arrests the heart action in systole. Its action is gentle.

Such cases are beyond and above the law. They are not contemplated by it. They are to be settled at the bar of the physician's own judgment.—New York Journal.

## COLORED CITIZENS MAKE A PROTEST.

DO NOT WANT THEIR CHILDREN PLACED IN A SEPARATE CLASS IN EAST ORANGE SCHOOL.

PUPILS WILL NOT BE FORCED TO ATTEND.

So Said Superintendent Davey When the Parents of Some of the Children Visited Him This Morning—Mass Meeting Held in Calvary Baptist Church Well Attended—Teacher Engaged for the New Class Criticized by Several Speakers.

[From the Newark, N. J., News.]

An ungraded class for colored pupils was formed in the Eastern Public School in East Orange yesterday and last night the parents of the children and their friends held a mass meeting to protest against the new step. As a result, some of them visited the school this morning and they were assured by Superintendent Davey that no pupil would be forced to study in the new class. They might do as they saw fit about it, he said. To-day there were sixteen children in the class.

The question of forming this class has been under consideration for some time, and the colored people have vigorously opposed the plan from the start. They insisted that it was class distinction and unconstitutional, and action on the matter was deferred by the board until yesterday, when the class was formally established.

When it became known that the ungraded class had been formed, a call was issued for a mass meeting of the colored residents, and the session was held in the Calvary Baptist Church. The Board of Education was criticized and so was Miss Carrie Burrill, the young colored woman who was engaged to teach the class.

After the singing of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and the pastor of the church, Rev. J. H. Travis, offered prayer, then he informed that the meeting had been called to consider the interests of the children. It had been decided some time ago, he said, that the people did not want this ungraded class, and he declared that matters had reached such a pass that children had been ordered from the Eastern School.

"That is," said the speaker, "they were told that if they didn't want to go into that class they could go home. We were here to protest against this act. Frances Fauntleroy was told that she must go into this room or else go home. When her mother visited the school the principal said he would attend to matter. Mrs. Thomas, of Jones street, had a daughter railroaded into that class. Like all others should do, she went to the school and protested."

"I am filled with indignation," said J. N. Vandervall, the next speaker, "when I hear that here in New Jersey, hundreds of miles from Mason and Dixon's line, such a thing should occur. I am sorry we have some parents who have been indifferent to this. I am sorry that Miss Burrill has come here, so highly recommended, for to-day she stands as working against her race. Instead of doing her work, she has gone around deceiving parents. Her actions prove conclusively that instead of being a heli to her race she is an enemy. We have been talking long enough. It is time for the courts. This is only an entering wedge."

Rev. R. A. Motley of Jersey City, pastor of the Salem Baptist church, was the next speaker. Mr. Motley was born in slavery, but escaped and entered the Northern army. He fought through the war and served in several big battles.

"The supreme motive," said Mr. Motley, "is to seize and claim what is your own, and by all fair means in the world, to retain it. The Negro is an important element in every government. I became a fugitive slave in 1859, and in 1869 I returned to the South and began missionary work."

Dr. J. A. Stillwell paid his compliments to Colonel George P. Olcott, who is a member of the Board of Education.

Olcott tells us," said Mr. Stillwell, "that all the Negro children need is sufficient education to make them servants. He boasts that he owns the niggers and carries them around in his vest pocket. If you submit to this it is worse than slavery. When I went to see Miss Burrill, she said that her contract with the board called for one grade. That is one of the beautiful pills that Davey and Olcott prepared for the colored people. The question will have to be fought out."

Mr. Travis said that if Miss Burrill had signed a contract for a regular class she should be assigned to it. John Churchman, of New York, said he could scarcely believe that Miss Burrill had been engaged in doing this kind of work and in trying to persuade parents to consent to their children being placed in her class.

James Arnold said that Miss Burrill had denied to him that she had been doing this.

Charles Travis declared that he had seen Miss Burrill stop colored people in the street.

Robert Travis declared that if she taught this class, or tried to teach it, she showed that she was guilty.

William Blunt said she had been notified of the state of affairs before she came to East Orange.

Mr. Vandervall said that a room had been arranged in the upper part of the building, and when the children refused to listen to what they were being told the principal said they must listen or go home.

Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Fauntleroy, and Mrs. Samuel Bea, who had had children placed in the class yesterday, were present. The latter acted as speaker for the others. She said she had told her daughter to treat Miss Burrill with all respect, but that if an attempt was made to place her in Miss Burrill's room to come home.

Yesterday, Mrs. Bea continued, Miss Burrill went through the room and asked some of the children if they didn't want her to show them about their lessons. Then the children were told to Miss Burrill's room. Mrs. Bea's daughter, Etta, aged thirteen, was taken, but a white boy, who was fifteen, was left in the class. As an inducement to the girls, they were told that they

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would have sewing lessons. When they asked whether the regular teacher of sewing would give the lessons the children were informed that Miss Burrill would teach them.

"If they bring the white boys and girls that are stupid and were left behind into Miss Burrill's room, then my child can stay there, but not otherwise," declared Mrs. Bea.

The other mothers corroborated Mrs. Bea's story.

Mrs. J. H. Travis said she would be glad to receive colored teachers if they were given graded classes.

"There is not a loyal woman who will open her doors to this teacher unless she changes her position," concluded Mrs. Travis.

Lee R. Montague read a letter from Miss Burrill, written from Washington on August 26th. Mr. Montague had sent Miss Burrill a letter and some clippings regarding the subject of her accepting the position. In her letter Miss Burrill said:

"I cannot quite agree with your committee in asking me not to accept the position, since my coming will be the carrying out of my part of a written contract. Aside from the fact that Superintendent Davey informed me that this is not the first step toward a complete separation of the schools, I signed a contract wherein I pledged myself to accept the position, therefore I feel it my duty to go to East Orange, and then, if from personal experience, I find that the board has presented the side wrongly, I will do what I think accords with right. The people, the intelligent people of East Orange, should expect no more."

Mr. Travis said that Superintendent Davey had told him that Miss Burrill could cancel her contract if she wanted to. It was then 12 o'clock, so the meeting adjourned.

A number of the parents remained to sign the formal demand on Principal Dutcher to place their children in a graded class.

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"Politics is getting to be men's religion."

"I hadn't noticed it. Seems to me men are as much interested in politics as they ever were."—Detroit Journal.

## MADE A FORTUNE.

In Speculation on a Small Sum Saved From Business Failure.

Less than a year ago John K. Buckner was conducting a hardware store. He was considered a fairly prosperous country storekeeper, and his holdings, his acquaintances say, probably footed up \$8,000. Last winter, however, he became involved, and about the first of January the Bank of Ephrata, which held judgment against him, closed him out at Sheriff's sale. His downfall, neighbors said, was due to his having tried his luck on the grain market. He was that at it may, his liabilities included bills in favor of firms in Philadelphia, Lebanon, Lancaster and Reading. Some of the concerns made efforts to realize when the Sheriff's sale took place, but the judgments of the bank were barely covered, and the firms believed that their loss was absolute.

When the crash came Mr. Buckner disappeared from his home. His creditors knew nothing of his whereabouts, and if his wife and family did they said nothing. He had decided to art, it was afterward learned, and when he saw the inevitable he collected about \$700 and went to Philadelphia and was lost sight of.

That \$700 was Buckner's salvation. He started to deal in stocks, and when American Tobacco made its first big jump he was fortunate in having almost all his little fortune placed on that stock, and when the jump came he sold out at a nice, fat profit.

He continued to place small amounts, and again fortune smiled upon him, for when the great Sugar rise came it found Buckner's money backing it. He bought, placing his all on Sugar at 735, and held on until it reached 170 1/2, when he closed out. Shortly after he made his lucky strike a member of a large Market street firm was surprised to receive a call from him. He stated that he wished to pay his old bill and told of his fortunate deals on the market. In similar manner he paid all his creditors in Philadelphia, Reading, Lebanon and Lancaster. Just what his fortune may be cannot be learned, but his Market street friend avers that he has shown a certified check for \$25,000 on one occasion and \$15,000 on another, and that the amount realized is over \$100,000.

Mr. Buckner is not the kind of a man who would be looked upon as a plunger, but is said to be very careful and reticent.—Rheinhold (Penn.) Spe. New York Journal.